

Delaying a Voyage.

By FRANCES TRUMBULL.

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Had either Paul or Kate been less stubborn their little misunderstanding would have healed quickly, and the solitary would have gleamed on Kate's finger instead of hiding its brilliant light in a tiny corner of the safe in Paul's office. Instead pride held sway, and just to show that she did not care Kate flirted outrageously with John Trent.

Just who Trent was no one seemed to know exactly. It was said that he was looking for a site for a summer hotel which should bring prosperity to the island. Certain it was that a speedy team from the livery took him on many trips of the island, and during these trips Kate frequently occupied the seat of the cutter with him.

Paul Condon, whose duties held him closely at the dock, watched them speed past on their way to visit some likely location, and, with a heavy heart, he wondered what the outcome would be. He neither liked nor trusted Trent, wherein he stood alone, for Trent had wormed himself into the good graces of most of the islanders. At the simple entertainments of its social life he was always the most welcome guest, while Paul, glowering in a corner and refusing to take part in any of the games suggested by Trent, found less and less sympathy as Trent's popularity grew.

It was not often that Paul attended social affairs now, urging the office as an excuse, though he had not found it difficult to leave the dock even on sailing nights when he was to act as escort to Kate Pyfrom. He and his father owned the steamer Robert G., which made semi-weekly trips to the mainland. In winter this was about the only means of communication, for the heavy gales made the passage of the pleasure sloops almost impossible, and the stancher boats were engaged on the fishing banks. The Robert G. carried the catch across the strait to the city, and it was this traffic which made a regular communication with the mainland possible.

The sailings were scheduled for 6 o'clock, but if the fishing boats were late coming in the steamer would be held until their arrival, and frequently it was long after midnight before the start was made.

This furnished Paul with the excuse for remaining away from merrymakings, and gradually in the society of the fishermen and merchants he heard little of what was going on, though Kate's increasing fondness for Trent was gossip even among the seafarers.

So completely had he isolated himself from the local gossip that he was surprised when one sailing day George Pyfrom drove his daughter up to the dock and engaged passage for her across to the mainland.

"She's going to visit her Aunt Kate down to Boston," he explained as he laid down the money for a round trip ticket. "It's good for young folks to visit around a bit. I think a trip to Boston would be good for you just now, Paul."

There was meaning in the tones, but Paul shook his head.

"I guess there's no chance even in Boston, captain," he declared. "I guess I've lost all hold on Kate."

Pyfrom, unconvinced, shook his head, but he offered no further argument, and after learning that the fishing fleet would be in late he stamped out of the office and on board the steamer to see that Kate was made comfortable.

It was the rule that passengers should be aboard at the announced sailing time, and when 6 o'clock came Paul locked the ticket drawer and went out on the dock to look after some freight. He studiously avoided glancing toward the after part of the steamer, where the passenger accommodations were, and he did not notice the white, wistful face pressed against the pane of one of the staterooms.

Nor did he see that the face was still there when he returned from supper and the first of the fishing fleet lined up alongside of the dock and began to pass the barrels of fish across the dock to the steamer.

From that time on all was confusion. As rapidly as a boat could unload she gave place to another, and by midnight the last of the cargoes was stowed and the sailors began to make preparations to cast off.

Paul had gone to the gangplank to see that all was right when Trent endeavored to press past him. For a moment Paul hesitated, then resolutely he barred the way.

"Tickets," he demanded. Trent laughed.

"I'll fix it with the purser," he assured.

"You cannot get aboard without a ticket," Paul insisted.

"Then sell me one," suggested Trent, setting down his suit case and drawing out his bill fold.

"The sale of tickets stopped at 6 o'clock," reminded Paul. "No more tickets will be sold for this voyage. You will have to wait until Thursday."

"It is vital that I should catch this boat," declared Trent. "I just happened to remember that I have an important stockholders' meeting in New York on Friday."

"You should have remembered before 6 o'clock," said Paul. "I cannot let you board the steamer now."

"Afraid that I'm going to elope with Kate?" sneered Trent.

"I thought that you knew she was aboard," retorted Paul. "I tell you that you can't sail."

With an oath Trent struck at his rival, but the blow was easily blocked, and the next instant Paul had Trent by the collar. Dragging him away from the gangplank, he gave orders for the plank to be removed, but just as the crew grasped the ropes to carry out his command a slender figure sped across the already moving boards and sprang between the two men.

"You must let Mr. Trent come, Paul," pleaded Kate. "I know that it is important that he should reach the mainland. Won't you please let him come?"

"Not until he explains this."

The three started at the sound of Captain Crosby's voice, and Trent made an effort to slip from his captors and spring aboard the steamer, which was already slipping past the dock.

Crosby's grasp prevented the move, and Paul and Kate looked with astonishment at the suit case which had been broken open when struck by the gangplank and forced against a post. It was packed solid with greenbacks and bonds in place of clothing.

"It looks to me as though our friend had paid a visit to the bank just before he left," commented Crosby as he extracted two revolvers from Trent's overcoat pockets. "I'm constable here, and I guess we'll put Mr. Trent where he can't get away. He knew that everybody'd be down to the dock to see the steamer sail and it would be easy to get into the vault of the First National."

One glance at Trent's face showed the constable's surmise to be correct, and, with a little cry, Kate swayed and fell into Paul's arms.

Rapidly he bore her into the tiny office, shutting out the crowd of curious citizens, who thereupon followed Crosby and his prisoner toward the village lockup. It needed only a glass of water to revive Kate, and, with a little moan, she sat up.

"And to think that I was going to elope with him!" she gasped. "He asked father's consent to our marriage, and father refused it. Father was sending me to Boston to forget the disappointment, and it was agreed that John should take the steamer at the last moment. I didn't know that—"

"That he was going to rob the bank on his way to the steamer?" asked Paul. "I'm sorry for you, Kate."

"I'm not," she said, with sudden spirit. "I've been silly and stubborn. It has not only saved me from eloping with a thief, but it has shown me—"

She paused in confusion, and Paul took her in his arms.

"It has shown you that it was I, after all?" he questioned.

Her look made answer, and his arms tightened protectingly about the girl.

"We'll sail on the next steamer," he promised, "and it will be on our honeymoon. I guess you'll enjoy the trip more than you would have tonight's voyage."

"I'm glad I waited," assented Kate, but her glance told more than that.

How Do You Laugh?
Laughter varies greatly. In the right kind there is something contagious, even if oneself be the cause of it. It is the product of good humor; there is nothing concealed behind it. Frank, spontaneous and whole souled, it has a beneficial effect both on the laugher and his hearers.

But there are other kinds of laughter. Of these the sneering laugh is the most familiar. Then there is the quiet laugh—a sibilant, secretive sort of thing, which is almost invariably a sign of mischief. Another laugh, disagreeable to hear, is high pitched and nervous sounding. It is the outcome of embarrassment or merely a vocal habit.

Perhaps the worst laugh of all is the mirthless sound occasioned by the distress or embarrassment of others, and it invariably wounds most the butt of it. A person who has been thus laughed at and hurt is never likely to forget the experience.—Liverpool Mercury.

Chinese Parental Authority.

A remarkable event occurred at Tsingkiangpu. A man by the name of King had a son who made his father and mother "lose face" because of the wild, rakish life he led. He gambled, loafed, smoked opium, etc. If he stole, his father would be taken to the yamen, and the whole family would suffer for the son's villainy, and the vital question was, How could the family be protected? At last they arrived at the conclusion that the only way to protect the father and mother was to take extreme measures with the son, which they did with a vengeance. The father and uncle took him out among the graves, followed by a crowd of curious neighbors and friends, and, putting a rope around his neck, each relative pulled on an end, and the son was put beyond ruining the family in this world.—North China Herald.

Right For Once.

In an argument upon modern philanthropy, of which as it is usually conducted he disapproves, a university professor had for opponent a charity expert.

In the argument's course the expert pointed out a case where his society, stepping in with financial aid, unquestionably saved the lives of an entire family.

"Now, what do you say to that?" the expert triumphantly demanded.

"Oh," grumbled the professor, "even modern philanthropy will do good sometimes. It is like the case of a west side Mrs. Malaprop. The rain fell in

MANY VICTIMS OF GLORIOUS FOURTH.

Annual Celebration costs More Lives Than Did any Battle of the Revolution.

More people are killed in the United States every year through Fourth of July celebrations than were killed in any battle of the Revolutionary war, and the total number of casualties of Fourth of July celebrations during the last four years is more than double the total losses of the Americans during the eight years of the Revolutionary war, according to statements contained in an article, entitled "The Glorious Fourth," in National Food Magazine. The magazine gives a table of comparisons, showing the losses in the battles of the Revolutionary war compared with the total casualties of all the Fourth of July celebrations since 1903, and says:

Every Fourth of July more people in the United States are killed in celebrating our independence than were killed in the bloodiest battle of the Revolutionary war. The killed and injured during the last Fourth of July was nearly ten times as great as were the American losses at Bunker Hill; it was fifty times as great as at the combined battles of Lexington and Concord, more than sixty times that of our losses at Bennington, over seven times the Americans losses at Germantown, more than four times the number of our soldiers killed, wounded and imprisoned at the battle of Brandywine and more than twice as great as all the losses the American arms sustained at Camden.

"The list is nearly seven times as great as the number of British killed and wounded at King's Mountain; it is eight times as many as the American losses at Eutaw Springs; more than ten times our losses at Guilford Courthouse, and more than sixty-two times as great as our losses at Cowpens."

"If these comparisons are not sufficiently convincing to prove the horror and destructiveness of our Fourth of July celebrations, then combine both the British and American losses of the bloodiest battles of the Revolution and multiply that by two, and even then you will have to add more to equal the figures of the total casualties of our present-day Fourth of July celebrations. And then, if that comparison is not sufficiently convincing, the statistics demonstrate that the casualties of every Fourth of July are greater than the total number of both British and American soldiers engaged in most of the battles of the Revolutionary War."

"It should be remembered that the losses in the battles mentioned include the killed, wounded and the number of prisoners taken."

"Other comparisons might be given by citing the battle of Germantown, where the Americans lost 1,000 and the British 600; Lexington and Concord, with a British loss of 273 Camden, where the American loss was 2,000; King's Mountain, at which the British lost 456 killed and wounded and 648 prisoners; Bennington, where the British lost 850 and the Americans 70."

"Thus it is seen that our celebration of the victory over the British is many times more disastrous than our war with the British; that Great Britain was never such an enemy to us as is our own exultation."

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The Last of the Mohicans.

The sudden death of Murat Halstead at his home in Cincinnati, marked the passage of a national figure in journalism and letters. He was undoubtedly one of the greatest editorial writers in the country ever produced and during the Civil war and for twenty years thereafter he wielded a far reaching influence through his editorial utterances. The death of Halstead leaves Henry Watterson as the last of the Mohicans. Charles Dana, Horace Greely, Alexander McClure, Henry Grady the other great editorial writers have long since passed away. They with Halstead were all contemporaries with Henry Watterson and there are no men coming on the scene of action who can properly be put in their class as editorial writers. But for the pen of Watterson we

stands a tower of strength like the last of the Mohicans, which he is, time does not state the wonderful power of the most facile and brilliant newspaper pen in America. In age, passed the three score mark, bearing the brunt of many hard fought battle, he has not lost the zest of youth or the vigor and perspicuity of his young manhood. He seems rather to be seasoned with age without any of its infirmities. In the campaign that is before us he gives promise to be as vigorous and useful as in 1876 when he was universally conceded to be the great leader of public thought. Two of his recent editorials, one on "Taft, the man of straw" and the other on Judge Parker and the Cleveland incident at Denver almost lead us to exclaim, never man wrote like this man wrote. He has made his mistakes some of them, from our standpoint terrible blunders, but with all he is the most brilliant and greatest editorial writer in America. Halstead, Dana, Grady, Greely and McClure have all gone, but we are glad that Henry Watterson—the greatest of them all is left and that like the last of the Mohicans he stands a power of strength for Democracy.—Elizabethtown News.

PARIS ATE 50,000 HORSES

That Was the Number Last Year, Including Mules and Donkeys

Although less meat was eaten in Paris last year than for a number of years preceding the consumption of horse meat is on a steady increase. Paris has always set the fashion to the rest of the world in gastronomic affairs as well as in the matter of women's attire. Foreigners residing in France are asking themselves whether Parisians will carry their love of horseflesh into the restaurant and dining room, says a Paris letter.

A little less than 50,000 horses, mules and donkeys were eaten in Paris alone last year. This is the proportion: For every hundred animals butchered at the hippo-abattoirs there are ninety-seven horses, two donkeys and one mule. Last year the sum total represented twenty-five million pounds of meat. Many Americans and Englishmen have become quite fond of horsemeat since their residence in Paris. It is said to be much more nutritious than beef and is recommended by all Paris physicians for convalescents and consumptives.

The taste is not very different from that of beef. In fact, a man can eat a horsesteak and never know the difference. The abattoirs where these animals are butchered are closely supervised by the city, and only healthy animals are slain.

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GOOD MAN IS GUDE.

Norwegian Minister a Famous Diplomat With Beautiful Wife.

Ove Gude, the new minister sent to represent the Norwegian government in the United States, is distinctly a notable personage aside from his prominence as a statesman. He is a son of Prof. Gude, the famous Norwegian landscape and marine artist, and has inherited much of his father's skill with the brush. Minister Gude has charmed the nobility of England, France, Denmark and Italy with his wonderful voice, and is said to be one of the best singers of Norwegian birth. Finally, it may be noted, he speaks seven or eight languages fluently. Minister Gude has been in the diplomatic service for 30 years, and has served at all the leading European capitals, as well as in China and Japan.

Madame Gude will vie with Baroness Sternberg for recognition as the most beautiful woman in official life at the national capital. Madame Gude is a Danish woman, the daughter of one of Denmark's most famous military leaders, and is much younger than her husband, whose second wife she is. Indeed, she might almost be accounted a bride, for Minister Gude met and married her only four years ago.

Kentucky Fair Dates.

The following are the dates fixed for holding the Kentucky fairs for 1902, as far as reported:

Crab Orchard, July 15, 3 days.
Stanford, July 22, 4 days.
Georgetown, July 28, 5 days.
Henderson, July 28, 5 days.
Madisonville, August 4, 5 days.
Winchester, August 4, 4 days.
Madisonville, August 4, 5 days.
Danville, August 5, 3 days.
Lexington, August 10, 6 days.
Uniontown, August 11, 5 days.
Burkesville, August 11, 5 days.
Broadhead, August 12, 3 days.
Springfield, August 12, 4 days.
Shepherdsville, August 18, 4 days.
Lawrenceburg, August 18, 4 days.
Carroll, Gallatin and Owen Tri-County Fair, Sanders, August 10, 4 days.
Vanceburg, August 10, 4 days.
Richmond, August 18, 4 days.
Ewing, August 20, 3 days.
Shelbyville, August 25, 4 days.
London, August 25, 4 days.
Elizabethtown, August 25, 3 days.
Burlington, August 26, 4 days.
Germantown, August 26, 4 days.
Morgantown, August 27, 3 days.
Somerset, September 1, 4 days.
Hardinsburg, September 1, 3 days.
Fern Creek, September 2, 3 days.
Bardstown, September 2, 4 days.
Monticello, September 8, 4 days.
Hodgenville, September 8, 3 days.
Glasgow, September 9, 4 days.
Louisville State Fair, September 14, 5 days.

Toboggan Elopement.

An elopement by bob sleigh occurred at Blenne last winter, where a young Swiss, forbidden to visit his sweetheart's house, carried off the girl by an ingenious ruse. The girl persuaded her parents to accompany her up the mountain route of Evillard to watch the tobogganing. Halfway up shouts of warning were heard, a sleigh came tearing down, and every one ran to the side of the course. The girl alone stood still. The lover and his friends, who were on the sleigh, slackened speed, caught the girl in their arms and flashed down to the bottom of the run. There the lovers caught a train to Basle, where their marriage took place immediately. The girl's parents are helpless, as she is of age.

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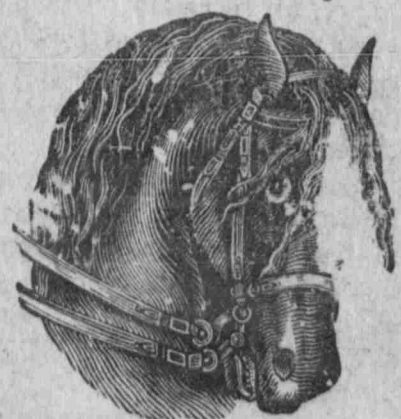
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